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THE MONROE JOURNAL.

VOLUME XIII. NO. 27 MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY AUGUST 7, 1906. One Dollar a Year

Meeting of Tirzah Bible Society.

Lancaster News.

The annual meeting of the Tirzah Bible Society was held last Saturday. The attendance was unusually large, the church being filled, while many were on the outside. An able address was delivered by the orator of the day, the Rev. Paul A. Pressley of Lancaster. The collection amounted to $139.25. The Rev. and Mrs. Paul Pressley of this place and the Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Nisbet of Arkansas were made life members of the society. Mr. John Nelson and others whose names we have been unable to learn, were made members of the American Bible Society.

There is nothing so pleasant as that bright, cheerful, at-peace-with-the-world feeling when you sit down to your breakfast. There is nothing so conducive to good work and good results. The healthy man with a healthy mind and body is a better fellow, a better workman, a better citizen than the man or woman who is handicapped by some disability, however slight. A slight disorder of the stomach will derange your body, your thoughts and your disposition Get away from the morbidness and the blues. Keep your stomach in tune and both your brain and body will respond. Little indiscretions of overeating can be easily corrected and you will be surprised to see how much better man you are. Try a little Kodol for Dispepsia after your meals. Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Don't be Alarmed

every time the fire bell rings. Have your premises and stock covered with

INSURANCE.

You don't know how much worry can be avoided for such a small outlay. Should fire then reach you, you are assured there will be no pecuniary loss. Claims are adjusted promptly by the companies we represent. Get our rates.

W. M. GORDON, Agent.
At People's Bank.

Certificate of Dissolution.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that The Morrow-Heath Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the town of Waxhaw, county of Union, State of North Carolina (A. W. Heath being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, Revisal of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this certificate of dissolution:

Now, Therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 26th day of June, 1906, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to its dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 26th day of June, A.D. 1906.

J. BRYAN GRIMES, Secretary of State.

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702 STUDENTS. 74 IN FACULTY.

The Fall term begins Sept. 10, 1906. Address

FRANCIS P. VENABLE, PRESIDENT
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

KILLED AFTER MARRIAGE.

William Brown Was Married at 7 O'Clock and Slain by John Y. Kincaid an Hour Later Near the Depot. Where, With His Bride, He Intended Taking the Train. Alleged Mistreatment of Kincaid's Sister the Cause of the Trouble.

Bessemer City Special, 1st, to Charlotte Observer.

William Brown, a traveling loom fixer, was shot to death here today by John Y. Kincaid, night engineer at the Vermont Cotton Mills. The killing took place at 8 o'clock, just one hour after the dead man had become a bridegroom. Immediately after shooting Brown, Kincaid broke his pistol, threw out the empty cartridges, handed the weapon to an officer and surrendered. Before the mayor of the town he waived examination and was sent to jail at Dallas without bail. The tragedy has excited this prosperous little town from one end to the other.

This morning at 7 o'clock Mr. William Brown and Mrs. Bettie Perry were united in marriage by Rev. T. N. Ellington, at the home of the bride's father. From the altar the young couple went to the Southern passenger station, where they were to take the north-bound train for Danville, Va., where Brown had secured work. While waiting for the train Brown went to Council's store to get a cigar. In the meantime John Kincaid stood about the railway platform, talking and laughing with friends. When Brown left Council's place and started across to C. C. Clarke's store, which is about 50 yards from the depot, Kincaid went to him. As Brown entered the west door of the Clarke building, Kincaid entered from the south. They came together in the open space between the counters. Mr. C. W. Clarke, father of the young man who runs the place, was in the rear room trying to sell two negro men some flour. There was no one in the main part of the store. Therefore no one, except Mr. Kincaid, can say definitely what words passed there between him and Brown. It is believed that Kincaid had accosted him and said, "You have mistreated my sister, and I want to know what you are going to do about it."

"Let us go back in the store and talk it over there," said Brown, as he turned and walked to the rear.

After passing through the close hallway that leads to the small room in the rear, Brown turned and walked in on Mr. C. W. Clarke and the negroes. Brown was well in the room before Kincaid arrived.

Addressing Mr. Clarke, Brown said, "Here is a man that says I ruined his sister."

About that time Kincaid stepped in.

"Did you not promise me, before I would let you go to see my sister, that you would not mistreat her?" asked Kincaid.

"I never ruined your sister," said Brown.

Kincaid asked him something else, which Mr. Clarke and the negroes failed to hear.

No one knows what Brown answered, but Kincaid said, "You are a lying — — —, that's what you are," and drew his gun.

Mr. Clarke was between the two men. When he saw the pistol gleam he knocked Kincaid's arm up and the first ball went into the ceiling of the house. But Kincaid kept shooting. He bent his arm around Mr. Clarke and fired four more shots. The second load went into Brown's head and the third and fourth in the trunk of his body, one about the fourth rib on the left side, and the other in the abdomen. The fifth ball went wild. Brown fell in a heap upon the floor, dying instantly. After the first shot or two the negroes disappeared. Mr. Clarke was between the fighting men until Brown fell and then he left the room. He is large and rotund, and as Kincaid ran around after Brown he (Kincaid) could not see what Brown was doing. He claims that when he cursed Brown the latter lifted his hand to his hip pocket as if to get a weapon. Kincaid walked out of the little room and, when he met Mr. D. K. Tate, an ex-policeman, broke his gun and surrendered, saying that he had killed a man. By that time Capt. C. G. Robbins, chief of police of the town, had arrived, and the prisoner was turned over to him.

"I want to go to Garrison's drug store," said Kincaid, "and get Dr. Garrison to go and tell my wife what I have done."

The party walked across the railroad to the drug store. There Kincaid told the following story to a friend: "Several months ago Will Brown came to me and asked if he could go to see my sister, Daisy. I told him that if he would act the gentleman and treat her as I would do a sister of his, that he could go. I told him that a d—d scoundrel had mistreated her once and that such a thing should not occur again. I told him that I had made up my mind to protect and defend her. 'If any other man ever wrongs her,' said I, 'I am here to die for her.'

"'I would not have blamed you if you had killed that fellow,' said Brown, 'and I am too much of a gentleman to do anything of the kind.'

"I said, 'Well, if you feel that way about it, why, come to see her.'

"Brown has ruined her. After I had told him of her former trouble, seven years ago, when she was but a motherless child, and told him that I had taken her to protect her from fast men, he deliberately misused her. She is to be a mother.

"When I found what had happened, I went to Brown and told him that he had to marry her. He said that he would do so, and fixed the first Sunday of July as the time. The day passed and Brown failed to keep his promise. I went to him again and he promised faithfully. I gave him another chance to right the wrong that he had done. But again he fooled me. I went back the third time, and he promised. He declared that he fully intended to marry her. I thought that he was honest, but, instead, he married another woman."

Hearing that Brown was to be married this morning, Kincaid consulted his family physician about his sister. He got another man to work in his place for an hour or more last night, and met the doctor at his home. The homicide followed this morning.

"I went to Brown this morning," said Kincaid, "and told him that he had to answer for his dirty deed. He told me that he would not talk to me in the store, but if I would go to the back room he would discuss the matter. I killed him."

John Kincaid is a son of Mr. Felix Kincaid, a well-to-do farmer of this county. He is about 28 years old, has a wife and several children, and was buying a little home. The better element of the town speak well of him. He is a Mason of good standing and a faithful church member. He attended Sunday school every Sabbath and took his wife, children and sister with him. His employers like him and were promoting him rapidly. His wife belongs to a good Gaston family.

Miss Daisy Kincaid is about 22 years of age. Seven years ago she gave birth to a child. Her mother had died and left her an unprotected child. After the unfortunate affair, her brother John took her to his home. He had watched her and thrown proper safeguards about her. He was careful who she associated with, and when Brown asked for permission to call on her he told him the story of her ruin and asked him to help to protect her. Those who know John Kincaid believe this to be true. I found no one here today who would say that the girl had not conducted herself well during the last few years. Many of the leading citizens of the town will go on the stand and swear that John Kincaid is upright and honorable. It is said that he is a plucky man. He is the sort of fellow that would fight for his right, regardless of odds. His friends here believe that he did wrong to kill Brown, but the sympathy of the town seems to be with him. The provocation was great.

It was said here today that Brown had boasted that he would not marry Daisy Kincaid, but he would take her to Charlotte and place her in a bawdy house. Some believe that John Kincaid heard this and became so exasperated that he lost his temper. The question put to Brown by Kincaid, when Mr. C. W. Clarke could not hear what was said, may have been about this very matter.

Will Brown was a good hearted fellow, who did not live long at a place. He had been to three places in as many weeks. His reputation for fooling young women was considered bad. He was born near Cowpens, S. C., and was about 35 years old. He had been married before, and it was reported here today that he had a wife in Spartanburg. His intimates declare that he had coarage when aroused to anger. Mr. Clarke thinks that he was badly frightened this morning when he entered the room where he met his death. He jumped behind Mr. Clarke in an effort to save his life. A thorough search revealed the fact that he had no greater weapon than a small penknife. He weighed about 150 pounds, while Kincaid weighs not less than 175.

The young woman who had just become Mrs. Brown was in the waiting room when her husband was killed. She went over and saw the dead body and then returned to the home of her people.

The affair is considered most unfortunate here on account of young Kincaid, who was doing well. He will have to go through a costly trial and run the risk of having to serve a term in the penitentiary.

Very little, if anything, is known here of Brown's people. He had moved about, but had made Bessemer City headquarters.

Why does the sun burn? Why does a mosquito sting? Why do we feel unhappy in the Good Old Summer Time? Answer: we don't. We use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and these little ills don't bother us. Learn to look for the name on the box to get the genuine. Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
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Happy-Hearted Childhood.

J. C. M., in Charlotte Observer.

A SAD sight was that lawn over on North College street yesterday afternoon, where little Miss Evelyn Blake and her cousin, little Miss Ruth Hightower, had deserted their playthings and left them topsy-turvy on the grass. It looked as if dawn had surprised fairies at their revelry and they had run away to their hiding places, without waiting to gather up their furniture.

The tiny dinner table, flanked by two wee-bit chairs, was about the only thing left on its legs. The two-story tin house had fallen down; one poor, fuzzy-headed doll was smothering flat on her face, and the other, a sassy, black-eyed mistress, was lying with one arm held out in dumb appeal; the little pillows betrayed negligent housekeeping, for they had no cases to conceal the blue-striped tick; the bed clothes, they being towels, were lazily jumbled; the old clock face, the small pink parasol, the pasteboard shoe box, and even the parlor carpet—a hearth rug—had been tossed just any old where. All this was under a roof of maple leaves. There was not a living thing in sight, save a black and tan rat terrier, curled up in the doll bed. If Miss Ruth and Miss Evelyn hadn't come up while I still looked at their abandoned property, I should have thought that the household had suddenly been possessed of the desire to go away for the summer and had left the premises in the confusion incident to packing and sewing. Indeed, a great deal of sewing had been done there, as the dainty doll aprons and skirts testified, and a deal more had been projected, as shown by the hap-hazard scraps, still unfashioned. My conclusion, as I say, should have been wrong; for the young ladies did come up. They had only been at the next-door neighbor's and had seen a stranger staring at and trespassing upon their heath, and it was with a brave show of proprietorship that they demanded what he was doing there. Miss Ruth's white dress was touched with no color, but Miss Evelyn had a broad pink ribbon, tied with a generous bow, for her belt. Both their cropped heads were bare, and they were as cool as their shady play grounds. Though they spoke rather abruptly to their uninvited visitor, I am glad they came home just then, because (1) should dislike to think that they were hard-hearted enough to go away to the springs and leave those poor, helpless dolls in such uncomfortable positions and without food, drink, or change of raiment, and (2) the busy way in which they began to set things to rights, disabused my mind of its first impression, that here was the abode of careless, lazy housewives. They do not know me nor care for my opinion, but I am glad to have been set right for my own sake. The exposure of bad housewifery is just as painful to me as the exposure of bad packing-houses—I mean the existence, rather than exposure. It is just as bad as any other sort of ugliness where beauty might be.

* * * *

There is nothing so self-sufficient as a child; no other such artist. What Miss Ruth would have she wills it in her imagination, and lo, there you are! She is the mistress of an ingleside at five years old. The life she imagines in that sassy-eyed doll is as well for her purposes as life indeed. Her mind is more creative than Shakespeare's. Little it differs with her whether she is in the city or in the country, as it will be in her womanhood. When she grows older and learns to distinguish dream from reality, she will lose year by year the blessed capacity to enjoy herself, in the strict sense of the term. She will feel the need of stimulation from other minds and must have human society to avoid the estate of a gaping dullard. But now she can have her palace under the maple, hard by a city street, or she can wander alone about pastures and woods and "find society where none intrudes." The grown man who might go with her would, if he should be an ordinary man, see nothing in the leafy jungle but briers and brush, but her caprice would people it with life. Perfect knowledge drives out all fear and all fancy. If one could know all things, as soon as his mind grew accustomed to the knowledge, he would lose the chiefest joy of life—the ability to wonder and the thrill of discovery. There would be no more poetry for him: he would be helpless in the prison of his wisdom. The dream-wings would be clipped. He could nevermore enjoy himself. Laughter would die from his lips, love from his heart, and terror from his eyes. Fact would rear up before every fantasy and give it the lie. This line of philosophy, however, is imaginary almost beyond the pale of poetic license; for is it not a wild supposition, that of a man possessed of all knowledge? No man born of woman stands in danger on that score. The point is that this faculty of enjoying one's self is in some sort a recompense for ignorance and child-heartedness. The child's desire is to get grown. The boy of five wants to shave and wear long trousers, and the girl of five surrounds herself with her doll children and plays mother. They do not know, as none of us know, happiness when they have it; else they would be content to be children forever.

* * * *

The saddest condition of human life is what old Wardsworth saw and expressed in his famous Ode, that we come into the world fresh from heaven and "trailing clouds of glory," but march through life with our faces from it. He, most of all men, perhaps, held to his heaven and did not permit himself to drift away from it. He never lost his sense of a Presence in nature, nor his "simple faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes." He needed no Coney Island, no theatre, no automobile, no artificial amusement; the black curtain of apathy never fell before his eyes; with the strength of a strong man, he lived a long life of childhood.

* * * *

Some day Miss Ruth and Miss Evelyn will jumble their toys and leave them for good, waking to the knowledge that they are but make-believe. It is up to them how much they will remember and cleave to of these budding spring days, against the stout, well-fed summer and the hectic autumn. But it is foolish now to suggest less cheerful things to them, and very useless. May April linger long with them, when they may have what they will to have and can lavish love on a piece of china with glass eyes and hempen hair.

Do You Want to Know What You Swallow?

There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of MEDICINES OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. It is but natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink or medicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock," as it were, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his healing medicines, the "Golden Medical Discovery" the popular liver invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart regulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-down, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and out-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all harping critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, showing the strongest endorsements by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this little book is mailed free to any one desiring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules. They regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Do not beget the "pill habit," but cure constipation. One or two each day for a laxative and regulator, three or four for an active cathartic. Once tried always in favor.

$50,000 GIVEN AWAY, in copies of Medical Adviser, a book that sold to the extent of 500,000 copies a few years ago, at $1.50 per copy. Last year we gave away $50,000 worth of these invaluable books. This year we shall give away $50,000 worth of them. Will you share in this benefit? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only the book in stiff paper covers, of 21 stamps for cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ralph Bailes, aged 12, killed Wm. Burkhart, aged 8, at West Newton, Pa., last week, for a nickel. Some one threw them a five-cent piece and the younger boy got it first, whereupon the other seized a rifle and shot him dead.

A woman worries until she gets wrinkles, then she worries because she has them. If she takes Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea she would have neither. Bright, smiling face follows its use. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Company.

After eating lots of sour pickles and drinking vinegar to make her thin, Annie Gross of St. Louis dropped dead last week. Examination showed that the inner walls of her stomach were eaten away by the continued usage of acids.

A world of truth in a few words: "Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar moves the bowels. Contains no opiates. You can get it at C. N. Simpson, Jr.'s, and Dr. S. J. Welsh's.

The Phoenix Royal Insurance Company of Vienna refuses to pay its losses in San Francisco and its policy holders lose $2,500,000. It claims that the losses were caused by an earthquake and its policies didn't insure against that.

"Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright sunshine may last but a day and he prepares for the showers which are so liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera morbus may attack some member of the home without warning. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept at hand, as immediate treatment is necessary, and delay may prove fatal. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Colored People Put into Their Church a Memorial Window to Stonewall Jackson.

Roanoke, Va., Special, 26th, to Charlotte Observer.

An event of much interest, and one unique in the annals of the negro race, took place here today when a memorial window to General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, C. S. A., was unveiled in the Fifth Avenue (colored) Presbyterian church, the leading negro church of that denomination in this vicinity. The services were attended by the Confederate camps of Roanoke and Salem, and by delegations from the chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy of these two places. Addresses were made by ex Confederates and leading white citizens of Roanoke.

Today's services witnessed the realization of the ambition of Rev. L. L. Downing, pastor of the Fifth Avenue church and a colored minister of wide reputation, to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of the Confederate commander who was the Sunday school teacher of Downing's parents, his father and mother having been members of a large class of negro slaves Jackson taught at Lexington before the war.

The occasion of the unveiling of the window, which Downing had labored since his boyhood to erect to the man whom he almost idolized, proved to be most interesting to all hereabouts who love the memory of the Confederacy, and the edifice was taxed to accommodate the mixed throng that sought to reverentially pay homage to the remembrance of the dead warrior and, by their presence, lend unstinted approval of Downing's exceptional contribution to history.

The window is a large and handsome one, in rich colors artistically blended and worked in heavy leaded glass, the conception of the picture being literally based on the last words of the gallant soldier and christian hero: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

The scene is one of the most beautiful in the famous Shenandoah valley of Virginia. In the background appears the Blue Ridge mountains, out of which flows a wandering stream, widening as it courses its way toward the sea. On the left bank, a short space from the gently rising foothills, is seen a typical Virginia log cabin, in the door of which stands the farmer's wife with milk and delicacies for the sick, typical of the hospitality for which every true Virginian is known. Near the cabin are tents, guns are stacked, soldiers are on the inside, some praying, all weeping. Before another tent officers are seen in consultation. Sentinels are solemnly measuring their charge from post to post. There is an officer's tent with flaps closed, but hanging on the outside is the famous "White Signal." Platoons are seen as they vigilantly scan the roads, fields and hillsides. Across the river a profusion of shade trees, the maple, the beach and the oak, whose luxuriant foliage invite the weary, worn traveler and soldier to a refreshing repose.

Among those from a distance who attended the services today was "Jeff" Shields, Stonewall Jackson's colored body guard during the war, and his Sunday school scholar prior to it, who with footsteps faltering beneath the weight of four-score years and two, but wearing proudly on his battle-scarred breast half an hundred marks of distinction, including medals, badges, etc., from many a Confederate reunion, and apparelled in a suit of Confederate gray, his snow-white head covered with a tall beaver hat, journeyed from Lexington to take part in the exercises and publicly pay what may be his last tribute of devotion to his distinguished master.

Shields was with General Jackson at the last on the fatal field at Chancellorsville and it was he who today touched the electric button that unveiled the beautiful window.

Not one penny of the money raised with which to purchase the memorial was contributed by white people.

Scrub yourself daily, you're not clean inside. Clean insides means clean stomach, bowels, blood, liver, clean, healthy tissue in every organ. Moral: Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Company.

Sewerage Election.

Notice is hereby given that registrars and poll holders for the election to be held on the 23rd day of August, 1906, at the several polling places in the city of Monroe, to determine whether bonds for the establishment of a sewerage system for the city of Monroe shall be issued, have been appointed as follows:

For Ward 1—Registrar: G. D. Broom; poll holders: O. C. Curlee and H. B. Sonne.

For Ward 2—Registrar: N. S. Ogburn; poll holders: J. T. Williams and S. K. McDonald.

For Ward 3—Registrar: L. R. Helms; poll holders: W. H. Krauss and J. C. Blakeney.

For Ward 4—Registrar: Rufus Armfield; poll holders: R. T. West and W. Lee Wolfe.

All persons otherwise entitled to vote in said election may register for such election before the respective registrars of their wards on Saturday, the 18th, 21st and 28th of July, and the 4th and 11th of August, 1906. By order of the Board of Aldermen. This 6th July, 1906.

N. C. ENGLISH, Clerk.

Union Institute

One of the Most Desirable High Schools in the State.

The faculty is full, including three competent and experienced graduates from first class colleges. Prospects were never better for a good and full school here during next session.

The Fall Term opens the Sixth of August.

Send for catalogue. :: :: Address

O. C. HAMILTON,
Unionville, N. C.

Negro Shot to Death Man Who Discharged Him.

Greensboro Special, 31st, to News and Observer.

This afternoon a negro named Frank Rohannon, at the camp of the Southern Railway double tracking force near High Point, shot and killed a white overseer named Beatchman. The negro fled after emptying both loads of a double-barreled shotgun into the body of the unsuspecting overseer.

Bloodhounds from High Point and Winston are tracking the negro, who is from South Carolina.

The shooting created intense excitement in the camp and the adjacent country, as it was the boldest crime of blood ever occurring in the county.

Monday afternoon on account of unsatisfactory work and behavior, Beatchman discharged Rohannon. This angered the negro, and after remaining away for a short time he returned to the camp to raise a row, but was driven away, and left in an ugly mood, swearing vengeance. He secured a double-barreled shotgun, and this afternoon as Mr. Beatchman was passing along, fired upon him, both loads taking effect in the bowels. Friends rushed to his aid and the wounded man was placed on the south-bound local train and taken to High Point, but he died in the depot just after reaching there.

Summer Diarrhoea in Children.

During the hot weather of the summer months the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, pastor of the first M. E. church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children." Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Grievously disappointed because their parents would not allow them to marry, Gustave Kathke, aged 19, and Ella Miller, a lovely girl of 18, threw themselves into the Delaware river at Philadelphia and were drowned. Their arms were wrapped around each other when the bodies were found.

The intense itching characteristic of salt rheum and eczema is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. As a cure for skin diseases this salve is unequaled. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Chickens Poisoned.

Lancaster News.

A few mornings ago when Mrs. J. F. Gregory went out in the yard to look after her fowls she found seven of her fine "Red Rock" pullets lying in a helpless condition on the ground. She had a negro boy kill them and cut them open, when it was discovered that they had been poisoned with paris green. Small parlor rifle bullets were also found in the poisoned dough mixture which the chickens had eaten. A more dastardly deed has not been commited in Lancaster in many a day. The miscreant who deliberately poisoned the chickens might have endangered the lives of Mr. Gregory and his entire family.

Unnecessary Expense.

Acute attacks of cholera and diarrhoea come on without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of incurring the expense of a physician's service in such cases if Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remedy will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail, even in the most severe and dangerous cases and no family should be without it. For sale by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

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